THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Tool Basket MERMAID DAYS Is First Aid To Gardener

Flower Parasol and Garden Hat are Pleasing Novelties to the Feminine Worker Among the Flowers.

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK Copyright, 1915, by Mrs. Christine Frederick. In summer time the homemaker extends her interests outside of her home walls into the garden or flower plot. Every woman loves flowers, and no matter how small a plot or piece of ground at her disposal, she can cause it to produce either utilitarian vegetables, and thus help out the pocketbook, or esthetic blooms to satisfy her sense of color and fragrance.

Like every other kind of work, gardening has seen an improvement and development in its peculiar tools and component. Just as the farm is using the most improved machinery, so gardening in a smaller way is being suited to the needs of the commuter or the woman who does all the gardening work

Garden Tool Basket.

The woman who does a great deal of flower work will appreciate the handiness of a garden tool basket. This may be had in all sizes at housefurnishing stores, or can be fashioned from a right stores, or can be fashloned from a right
shaped basket at home. In it are pockets or straps into which fit the smaller
tools, such as pruning shears, dibble,
trowel, weeder, and gardening gloves.
As the gardener moves from place to
place, there will be no danger of mislaid, forgotten and rusty tools, if she
carries such a basket with her.
Another small but invaluable tool
where there is any grass plot is a Another small but invaluable tool where there is any grass plot is a dandellon weeder for the ease of removal of the ubiquitous dandellon which mars the lawns. This consists of a springilke snip on the end of a long handle, which can seize hold of the entire dandellon plant, root and all, and remove it. A border cutter is another easy tool to use, consisting of a small, circular, wheel mounted on a handle. By pushing this alongside of paths and walks the superfluous, ingrowing grass can be removed and walks kept in better order.

Flower Gatherer Parasol. If there is a rose garden, or, in fact,

any garden with tall-growing flowers, a flower parasol is a most convenient way of gathering. Abroad this parasol forms part of the outfit of every woman gardener, and it is becoming more popular in this country. It is merely a light wicker inverted parasol, mounted midway on a stout cane or handle with a crook. The flower gatherer sticks this into the ground at her side, and thus her two hands are left free for picking and cutting. The blooms are dropped into the parasol more conveniently than if she had to stoop and lay them in a basket at her feet. The parasols come in natural wicker or garden green and stand a great deal of wear.

given the right tilt prevent the glare in the eyes.

The homemaker may be only a "flower box-lady," with nothing but window boxes on which to expend her skill and care. She will be interested in the all-metal flower boxes recently put out. These come in all sizes to fit any width of window. They are metal, but painted green, without any "tinny" look. Wear. an gardener, and it is becoming more

Flower Sticks Attractive.

Some of the novelties to make the flower garden more attractive are the canes or sticks fitted with ornamental porcelain tops. These tops or heads are dening a means of recreation as well as

Dear Annie Laurie—I am twenty-four years old, and when ineteen was engaged to be married to a young man of twenty-two years, but my mother objected to us getting married, as she said that I was too young. We both loved each other very dearly. He wanted me to elope, and we would be married, but I thought it a disgrace. Do you?

would be married, but I thought it a disgrace. Do you?

I hear from him occasionally, but the last letter he wrote me said he was engaged and that we could not make it up again. I wrote and asked him if he could not break his engagement, and he never answered. Do you think I should have done so? I do not care for any one since he has gene.

WORRIED.

Dear Worried-Well, you worried

vourself if away from the man you

loved, and now you'll have to

vorry along without him I'm afraid.

You were too young at 19 to marry, at least if I had been your

mother I would have thought so.

mother I would have thought so. It has all been rather a mistake, hasn't it, all around?

I wonder how your mother feels about it now. I can understand quite well why she did not want you marry so young. She might

you marry so young. She might have advised you to wait a while, but I should hardly like to be in

her situation just now.

It is a serious thing to take upon yourself the whole responsibility of another life, even if that life belongs to your own child.

No, you should not have written as you did when you found that he was congreged to some one cise. He

was engaged to some one else. He

is nothing to you now, and never orn be while ne belongs to another

oman. He is marked with the sign "stop

operable, and if you want to be

He isn't the only man in the

In old romances of the sea there was likely to be a mermaid that captivated some susceptible sailor. Sometimes she even coaxed him into her green home, and he never was heard from again. Nowadays the mermaids prefer landsmen. They haunt the beaches, dressed in wonderful bathing suits and the luring lingerie of foam. Here, neither in the sea nor on dry land, they conduct a fascination that is not less potent because it doesn't necessarily DROWN any one. The young man who yields IS heard from again, perhaps, but he may never more be the SAME young man. The magic GETS him. The mermaid LOOK is an astonishing thing. Be careful. Be sure you know how to live in HER realm. Just because her realm isn't under the sea any more, don't fancy that it isn't difficult to inhabit!

center of a clump of blooms purely for ornament, or can serve the useful purpose of a support to such tall flowers as hollyhocks, delphinium, or larkspur.

A garden hat should be chosen with fully as much care as one for other purposes. Of course here its chief function is to shade, without, however, being heavy in weight or too floppy. Hats made of matting that comes around boxes of tea can be made by clever home fingers, or such straws as the popular "peanut" and similar weaves when combined with a light scarf and given the right tilt prevent the glare in the eyes.

They never leak or drip like the usual wooden box, or warp or get out of

generally in the form of a bird, or profit and a chance to combat any tired grotesque figure in highly colored borcespring feeling by renewed contact with lain. Such a cane can be stuck into the Mother Earth.

First Year Breakers in Married Life

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's Traveling Salesman in "The Indiscreet Letter," Her Latest Book, Tells How He Rode Them Successfully.

HE Traveling Salesman, met by the Youngish Girl on a train bound southward out of Canada for Boston, expatiates on married life, happy and unhappy, and tells how he and his wife weathered the first year after began to watch what she didn't

"My wife?" he repeated. "Tell you about my wife? Why, there isn't much to tell. She's little, and young, and was a school teacher, and I married her four years ago. "And were happy-ever-after,"

mused the Youngish Girl teasingly. "No!" contradicted the Traveling Salesman, quite frankly. "No! We

By ANNIE LAURIE

I want you to do is to watch what I don't do!" all until the last three years!" his laughter rang out Again

The Salesman Reforms. With slightly nervous fingers the Traveling Salesman reached up and tugged at his necktie as though his

collar were choking him suddenly. "So that's how I learned my table manners," he grinned, "and that's how I learned my table manners," he grinned, "and that's how I learned to quit cussing when I was mad round the house, and that's how I learned—oh, a great many things—that's how I learned—"grinning broader and broader—"that's how I learned not to come home and talk all the time about the 'peach' whom I saw on the train or the street. My wife, you see, she's got a little scar on her face—it don't show little scar on her face—it don't show any, but she's awful sensitive about it, and Johnny,' she says, 'don't you never notice that I don't ever rush home and tell you about the wonderful slim fellow who sat next to me at the theater, or the simply elegant grammar that I heard at the locture? I can recognize a slim fellow when I see him, Johnny,' she says, 'and I like nice grammar as well as the next one, but praising 'em to you, dear, don't seem to me so awfully polite. Bragging about handsome women to a plain wife, Johnny,' she says, 'is just about as raw as bragging about rich men to a husband who's broke.'

How To Be a Fool When

"Oh. I tell you a fallow's a fool." mused the Traveling Salesman, judicially; "a fellow's a fool when he marries who don't go to work delibriles them in the whole wide they've married ain't quite bright. Why, when I was first married I used to think that my wife was awful snippety about other women. But, Lord, when you point a girl out in a car and say: 'Well, ain't that girl got the most gorgeous head of hair you ever saw in your life' and your wife says 'Yes; Jordan is selling them puffs

six for a dollar seventy-five this winter, she ain't intending to be snippety at all. No! It's only, I tell you, that it makes a woman feel just plain silly to think that her husband don't even know as much as she does. Why, Lord, she don't care how much you praise the grocer's daughter's style, or your stenographer's spelling as your stenographer's spelling as long as you'll only show that you're equally wise to the fact that the grocer's daughter sure has a nasty temper, and that the stenographer's spelling is mighty near the best thing about her.

Wives and Retrievers.

"Why, a man will go out and pay every cent he's got for a good hunting dog—and then snub his wife for being the finest untrained retriever in the world. Yes, sir, that's what she is—a retriever; faithful, clever, absolutely unscarable, with no other object in life except to track and fetch to her husband every possible interesting fact in the world that he don't aiready know. And then she's so excited and pleased with what she's got in her mouth that it 'most breaks her heart if her man don't seem to care about it. Now, the secret of training lies in the fact that she won't never trouble to hunt. ing dog-and then snub his wife for that she won't never trouble to hunt out and fetch you any news that she sees you already know. And just as soon as a man once appreciates all this—then Joy is come to the Home!"

On the Ferryboat. It's thinking, long I am, and my mouth

is dry with the fire of it. (Circling over the water, hark how the gray gulls call!)

And the bones in my body are gone to wax with the wasting desire of it-The scream of the waves and the gulls on the beaches of Donegal.

It's thinking long I am, and my soul is sick with the pain of it. (Smell it! Can you not smell it? The

tide coming in from sea?) and I'm limp as a man from the rack with the endless maddening strain

Walking the treadmill here while my home is calling for me. It's thinking long I am of a boy who was brave and merry—
A boy they called by my name, cleareyed and clean of the hand.
Mary, Mother of God, give me strength

to get over the ferry:
turn my back on the water and
walk ashore when we land:
—Amelia Josephine Barr
in the Outlook.

Not Aloud.

"Oh, dear," groaned the young wife, "I don't know what to use to raise my bread! I've tried every-

"A derrick and a couple of jack-screws ought to do it." thought her husband, but he didn't say it aloud. -Exchange.

thing.

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By Will Nies Guard Well Baby's Food In Summer

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

VEN babes know that their health-giving food ought to come from their mother's breast. There alone can be found the pure, undefiled, disease-preventing nourishment.

Unhappily, there are some mothers who, through faulty care and for other reasons, needs must fall back upon some other sustenance than the natural food for their infants.

Then arises the delicate question as to the best meat and drink for the babe and a search for some artificial means to make up the need of human milk and strong meat. Brown bread and the gospel may be good fare, but not for infants, and even the best substitute for mother's milk may cause nfantile catastrophes.

One of the many elements of safety and health in breast milk is the absence of all contact with air, dust germs, and human hands.

The breast babe might praise it so hath he good cause
That all the first year eats nothing
solid nor soft.
But nurses directly and makes up
his feast his feast, While loved on her bosom.

Keep Bottles Sterile.

The "bottle baby," on the other hand, is exposed to all of the poisons, microbes and vicissitudes of the space and interval of time which artificial foods or cow's milk require to pass through in its journey to the infant's stomach. Only well sterlized bottles, nipples, water and milk, just before the infant drinks it, can save it from infantile diseases and maybe death.

During the first week after birth an infant should be fed every two and one-half hours from a sterlized bottle. Seven feedings daily of from one to two ounces each should suffice. Seven ounces of boiled water, one and a half ounces of cream, one and a half ounces of milk, two small teaspoonfuls of sugar and a tablespoonful of lime water will make enough for the seven

feedings.
From the second week until the second month many babies thrive beautifully upon seven daily feeds of twice as much boiled water as milk and creameter ounces to two and one-half each of milk and cream. Every few days or a week it is wise to slightly reduce the water and add a temporary in more of water and add a teaspoonful more of cream and milk.

Thus step by step and with no harm to the tender digestive apparatus of the little one, the beginning of the child's fourth month is reached.

Regulate Baby's Diet.

Now the growing youngster demands a pound, or pint, of the milk-creamsixteen ounces-each day, diluted with an exactly similar amount-sixteen ounces-of boiled water or barley water. Six bottles of this daily, at three-hour intervals, with a little lime water and a level teaspoonful of sugar in each one, should answer the call for weight

and growth of the infant's fabric. a month the water should

cut down one-half ounce, and a corresponding addition of milk be made.

When the half-year has rounded, twice as much of the milk and cream combination as of barley water are needed for five bottles to be given by the clock every three and one-half the clock every three and one-half

The sixteen ounces requires two ounces of lime water and three even teaspoonfuls of sugar. A tablespoonful of milk should be added to the whole

of milk should be added to the whole every two weeks.

If, however, there is evidence of colic or undigested particles of milk appear; should there be any signs of gastric disorders in the little one, the increase in the milk should be postponed. About the ninth month, sound, vigorous children can easily take a combination three times as strong in milk as water, with four-hour intervals for nourishment.

ment.

Babies about the seventh month may have a tooth. A nibble of zwiebak or buttered cracker may then be tried. Barley gruel, satmeal gruel, spinach, orange fuice, olive oil, and carrot juice are all permissible in the cold seasons of the year, after the ninth month. Never invite danger in the summer by food experiments or even a taste of this or that. Bottle babies are morapt to be overfed than starved. Two or three days' starvation in summer often saves them.

PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring a personal reply should remember: 1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K.

Hirshberg, care of The Washington

2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

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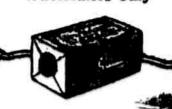
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Daily Editorial for Women

Women and Newspapers.

WOMAN writer for a New York daily says that women Aread novels and magazines on their way to work instead of the newspapers. She bemoans it.

Parallels between New York and Washington are hard to draw, especially in this instance, for we have no noisy oblivion like the subway. But we have nice long bumpy car rides from the exclusive habitats known as "environs," conducive to interest in the printed word. And yet, strange as it may seem.

bservation proves that the women of Washington read newspapers on neir way to work. A few have later in the day when leisure hours bermit of a fuller concentration, out one by one they purchase news-

Perhaps they realise that which

you really believe, through what you have seen with your own eyes, that the only way to be happy is

boy who is about sixteen years old, and in most ways a very nice boy. But he has one awful habit. That is, that when he meets you he is always hitting you—on the head or arm—not hard or to hurt, but it is annoying. What would you say to him so as not to offend him, as I am really quite fond of him?

SEVENTEEN.

Dear Annie Laurie: I have a nice, respectable boy friend, six months my senior, whom I met about two weeks ago. Ever since I first met him he wants to see me three evenings a week. He takes me to shows, and seems to think a great deal of me. He wants me to give up other boys with whom I have been going out, and also wants to kiss me. Should I let him do this, and should I allow him to see me so often?

PERPLEXED.

world. Forget him, and you may meet some one else who will make you much happier than he ever could have done, and besides, do

ADVICE TO GIRLS (Copyright, 1916, By Newspaper Feature Service,)

Dear Annie Laurie: I am attending high school and know a boy who is about sixteen years old,

Well, Seventeen, I shouldn't think you would be quite ready to die of love for a young man such as you describe. The next time he gives you one of his playful greetings, look astonished and puzzled and hurt, and if he has any sense at all he'll un-

What do you want to do, "Perplexed." How much do you know
about this young man? How much
do you want to know about him?
How can you tell whether he's the
sort of chap worth cultivating or
not after two weeks' acquaintance?
Why should you give up all your

the woman writer would have brought to the attention of the New York women: that a newspaper is a

mental tonic, a morning plunge into the world of activity and actual af-fairs stimulating the mind for the daily business at hand. Let us hope that those who do carry books do not read them before the day's work begins, for they are

deadening.

The mind is put upon a single track of events in a book, and concerned only in the working out of a certain plot, the relation of which to the world of the particular business of the reader may be nil.

On the other hand, newspaper articles are short, they are presented in terse, concise form, and several may be read and digested in a few

action, working at a slower rate because of the breakfast in the stomach, needs movement, change, diversity such as one can never get in the reading of the presentation of a single track idea—the book.

oments. The mind after a period long inaction, or rather undirected

of the reader may be nil.

other friends for him? Is he giving up all his other friends for you?

If you do give up every one you know for the sake of this boy whom

know for the sake of this boy whom you've just met two weeks ago, what would you do if he should turn out to be unworthy?

Oh no, I don't mean that he's a villain in disguise or anything as romantic as that. He's probably, just an ordinary, good-natured, good-looking boy, who falls dead in love with every new girl he meets, and stays dead in love just as long as the new girl does not fall in love with him.

When she does he's no longer in love with her.

When she does he s he love with her.

The world is full of such young fellows. Why shouldn't it be. They're looking for the right girl, and how are they going to know when they see her unless they experiment a

But, whisper, Perplexed, I wouldn't allow any of them to make me a part of the experiment.

Have a good time with your new friend—in moderation—but don't send all your old friends away for his sake. They may not come back again, and that would be awkward, wouldn't it, if you should happen to want

Dear Annie Laurie; I am a girl of nineteen. I have been keeping company with a young man for nearly two years. We have known nearly two years. We have known each other since we started to school, and have been great friends. I love him very much, and I know he loves me. When my mother died, a year ago, he treated me as if he was my own brother, and has continued so ever since. He came to see me every night. He proposed, but I said I was too young, and asked him to walt for another year.

He tried to kiss me the other He tried to kiss me the other light. I refused, and that night wrote him a letter telling him not to call any more. I met him today, and he looked very miser-able. I have been told by the woman with whom he is boarding

that he has stayed in at night ever since. Shall I write to him LONESOME. Well, here's another little Lone some, and a sweet one, too. You were quite right, little Lonesome. but I wouldn't be too cross with the poor man. He did nothing so very

Call up on the telephone and tell him you're making fudge and want some one to come over and help stir

Send him word that you want to see him if he hasn't any telephone, and when he comes tell him you've missed him. Poor lad, put him out of his misery. And if your mother is dead and you really love him and he really loves you, why don't you marry him and have some one who loves you to take care of you?

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her care, this office.

Again his laughter rang out through the car.

"Heavens! Look at me!" he said at last. "And then think of her!—Little, young, a school teacher, too, and taking poetry to read on the train same as you or I would take a newspaper! Gee! What would you expect?" Again his mouth began to twitch a little. "And I thought it was her fault—'most all of the first year." he confessed delightedly. "And then all of a sudden," he continued eagerly, "all of a sudden, one day, more mischievous-spiteful than anything cise, I says to her. We don't seem to be getting on so very well, do we?" And she shakes her head kind of slow. 'No, we don't!" she says. "Maybe you think her head kind of slow. 'No, we don't!" she says. 'Maybe you think I don't treat you quite right?" I quiszed, iust a bit mad. No, you don't! That is, not—exactly right, she says, and came burrowing her head in my shoulder as conv as could be. 'Maybe you could show me how to treat you—righter,' I says, a little bit pleasanter. 'I'm perfectly sure I could!' she says, half laughing and half crying. 'All you'll laughing and half crying. 'All you'll laughing and half crying. 'All you'll have to do,' she says, 'is just watch me!'—'Just watch what you do?' I said, bristling just a bit again. 'No,'

If you have a friend worth loving Love him. Yes, and let him know Tinge his brow with sunset glow. Sung by any child of song.

Praise it. Do not let the singer Wait deserved praises long, Why should one who thrills your heart

Lack the joy you may impart?
If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land. Should a brother working.
Falter for a word of cheer?
—Anonymous.

That you love him, ere life's evening Why should good words ne'er be said Of a friend till he is dead? If you hear a song that thrills you.

A Friend.

Married.

erately to study and understand his wife. Women are awfully understandable if you only go at it right. Why, the only thing that world is the fear that the man

PORK AND BEANS

It was in rustic Michigan The romance had beginning: Oh, vain it were to wish again For romance half so winning. Upon a springtime day serene, And ere the time of hoeing.

She came into the world a bean And straightway started growing. The cutest little thing at first, She was to teeny-weeny;
Her parents did their very worst
And dubbed her Cannellini.
You know, of course, how parents

Imagine them by dozens—
The name was not her own: in fact
It was her second cousin's. There's nothing in a name, I wot; At least, it didn't matter, For little Cannellini got

Just as fat and marrowfatter And as she grew rotund apace Her linear dimension. The strong point of a climbing race, look on a vast extension.

For you must know a lady bean,
So many her affections,
Comprises more than seventeen
Complete erotic sections.
A circumstance I apprehend.
So singularly plural,
One might to serve one's muse pre-Distinguishes the rural. However, be it as it may,
It troubled not our shere.
And thus it came to pass one day
She flirted with our here.
Atop her pole against the sky.

She lamped that jolly porker, and as he wallowed in his sty, Appraised him for a corker. He was no hybrid hos, at that, Which shows that her decision Was based upon not only fat, But porcine erudition. He ate all day and then all night With never a cessation.

ever as he fed his face His eyes would rove to greet her, Aflame with love that sought em-brace With fond intent to eat her. And she would languish there on high
With ecstacy a-quiver,
And she would fetch a spiral sigh
That set each pod a-shiver.

Ah! sweet those moments idly wrought, Unwitting of the morrow: Alas! full soon the autumn brought its toll of grief and sorrow. For love, though blind, could but

foresee, With subtle intuition, That very shortly there would be A change in their condition. He telegraphed to her one day,

"I'll meetcha in Chicago;"
She answered in the self-same way,
"I'll go if ma and pa go."
They must have gone, for sure enough enough
In that bucolic berough
He found her, looking pretty tough,
His own plight quite as thorough.

He found her in a boarding house

Embellishing a platter.

A pub where all the topers souse On pork and beaus and chatter, Her polypodded form was gone, Her body bruised and busted; blush to say all she had on Was nothing, brown-encrusted. And though with fear he sadly

quaked
To see those gourmands rend her.
He fought all o'er the Boston baked,
Attempting to defend her.
But when that famine-stricken porde
Its hunger had quite banished.
From off that fatal festal board The loving twain had vanished—P. R. Galligan, in the Sun Evening Sun, New York. Sun Dial.